

Finding A Place

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Category: PokÃ©mon

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-09 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-09 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:55:35

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,455

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A Mewtwo fic, WYDS of Mewtwo Strikes Back... Surprise ending.

Finding A Place

Okay, this is a WYDS on Mewtwo Strikes Back. I'm the only person who probably ever thought of this (or... at least wrote it down ;p). So, if you think otherwise, please don't flame me about it. Constructive criticism, please! (Not any of this "you suck" stuff!) Enjoy the fic!

Finding A Place

> <p>A man in a red suit slowly patted a purring Persian. After minutes of silence, he picked up a phone that was nearby. He dialed a number, to a science lab located on a fairly distant island, where a group of scientists were huddled around a large tank. <p>

"Is he ready?" questioned the man.

"Not quite," replied a tall scientist, who had answered the phone.

"Make him so. I am tired of waiting," finished the man in the suit, Giovanni, leader of Team Rocket. He hung up the phone and sighed. He resumed watching the courtyard of the Team Rocket HQ from his balcony. A group of minor Rocket members passed by, but when they noticed Giovanni, they all saluted him, and ran off like he had the plague. This was the typical reaction he got. Giovanni gazed at sky, to retrieve an answer from the stars, maybe. _"Most people would give anything to have my high position and wealth," he thought, "But I have never wanted it, it was but my destiny to take it. Is there anyone that could understand this? All they see is the name. 'The head of Team Rocket'. Team Rocket is not evil. Nothing can be truly evil. And I am not...No. I am not."_ He stood up and walked into his office, the Persian following him closely.

* * *

A figure floated in the tank surrounded by scientists. They were around him. Studying him. Watching him. Afraid of him... Mewtwo opened his eyes as the scientists, amazed at his awakening, began scurrying around, jotting down data for their experiment. He was alive. First of many clones who had been too weak to survive the harsh cloning process. As Mewtwo moved, the tank began to break. As he shifted farther, the tank broke completely and he fell to the platform below him, millions of shattered glass pieces surrounding him. He studied the area, suspiciously looking into the eyes of the humans that eagerly approached him. "I see that you have awakened," squeaked a tall scientist who stepped forward. His glasses glinted in the dim light, and he faked a smile. Mewtwo glared at him, not trusting his demeanor. The scientist shifted awkwardly, and called for a cage. Mewtwo glanced at him, slightly alarmed. _"This human wishes to cage me."_ He thought, disturbed. _"Why? Who am I? What have I done?"_

"Where am I?"

"You are in our science lab. You were created by us with the fossil remains of Mew, the most powerful and rare Pokemon of all. You have been cloned from it. After many years of experimenting and tons of failures, we have finally succeeded in creating the most powerful Pokemon in the world."

_ "The most powerful Pokemon in the world,"_ thought Mewtwo. _"Does this mean that I have the power to destroy anything? I am not certain, for I do not feel strong. They stare at me. Study me. They are so intense. I feel that I don't belong here..."_ Mewtwo's eyes shifted as he studied his surroundings. He was in a dank basement. A science lab, they say? It was so dark and lonely, the only objects in the room were strange instruments and machines that he knew not the purposes of. The scientists were laughing among each other, congratulating, shaking each others' hands. They had forgotten him for the moment. They wanted nothing, after all, except for the fame. The credit for making the strongest Pokemon of all. But who was he? What was his purpose? Was he just an experiment? Just something great scientists wanted to make just to prove that they were almighty, so they could show off their advanced technology? Whatever they were up to, he didn't like it. The tall scientist walked up to him.

"Now that you have successfully awoken, we will now make a series of experiments on you."

"Experiments?"

"Yes. Don't worry, all you have to do is sit back. What was he to him? The scientists had only thought of him as a lab rat. Maybe Giovanni thought differently? He considered it, but he decided against that idea. Nobody would even think to befriend something as lowly as a clone. He was created by greedy humans, who cared nothing for him. He in return, however accidental it may have been, had destroyed them. He hated himself. He wondered why he even bothered to live another day.

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Giovanni walked down the hall, contemplating on what to say. He had come to liking the Pokemon clone, and wondered if it was possible to be friends with it. He had not thought that possible before. After all, weren't Pokemon only meant to obey humans? But now he didn't think so. Not with this one. This Pokemon was far too intelligent. Its intelligence matched that of humans, and was smarter than most. He wondered what Mewtwo would think if he told him what a Pokemon's real duty was. Maybe he should test him. What would his reaction be? Maybe he would understand. Team Rocket wasn't about evil, either. Despite what everybody else thought. Team Rocket sought out abusive trainers and took away their Pokemon. Maybe Mewtwo would be intelligent enough to understand this, instead of seeing it like the rest of the non-Team Rocket members. He was determined to test Mewtwo. He gritted his teeth, and stepped into the basement room. There was a small platform looking down at Mewtwo. He overheard Mewtwo uttering his thoughts out aloud.

"Why am I here? What is my purpose?"

Giovanni swallowed. He was determined on testing him. He wanted to know what the Pokemon's reaction would be. He would tell him why he was originally created.

"You were created to serve me."

Mewtwo jerked his head up in surprise and stared in shock at Giovanni.

"You mean..."

"You were created by humans to obey humans."

Mewtwo glared at Giovanni with a burning look in his eyes. He felt betrayed. So, he was created just to be a slave? He knew there had to be something behind all this, but not something like that!

"Humans may have created me, but they will not enslave me! This cannot be my destiny!"

"I know you were created to serve me, but-- wait, stop this!"

Giovanni noticed that Mewtwo was starting to radiate with his psychic power. Mewtwo would not listen anymore. He unleashed a flash of light, destroying half the building, flying out into the open, shedding parts of his metal armor as Giovanni ducked away from the falling cement ceiling. After he had escaped the building, Giovanni looked at the burning remains of his mansion and sighed, finishing his sentence.

"I know you were created to serve me, but you have proved yourself an equal. I truly only wanted to... Perhaps not. A Pokemon cannot befriend a human..."

Giovanni barely noticed a trio of Team Rocket members approaching him, but he did not hear what they said, nor did he answer their questions. He merely boarded his helicopter silently and flew away.

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Mewtwo soared through the sky, still seething in anger. He had thought of the possibility that the human would become his friend. But it was all wrong now. He had been used to probably achieve the human's pathetic goal. Humans were trashy brainless animals with no thought for anyone but themselves. He had to prove to them that they were wrong. He will turn the pokemon against them. Then they wouldn't be able to use the Pokemon for their worthless victories. "Selfish humans," he thought angrily, "They will soon learn that they cannot survive on their own."

The helmet which was part of the armor that Mewtwo was wearing fell off to the ground as he landed on the island that once held the science lab, now in ruins. He gazed at the ruins of the lab he destroyed not a month before. He sighed as he studied the remains. He tried to salvage what he could, he needed anything that he could get. He noticed a framed photograph of an ancient drawing of Mew. He glared and gestured with his hands, shattering the picture into a million pieces with his psychic powers. "Mew... The world's rarest Pokemon," he thought, bitterly. "I was created from one, yet I am so different from it... I will show you. They thought you were powerful and almighty. Everyone loves Mew more than Mewtwo, because it is the original..."

* * *

Mewtwo sighed. It had been a couple of months now. He had collected three Pokemon -- Bulbasaur, Charmander and Squirtle. He had trained them intensively, through many battles he drove them through, so they could earn experience and soon, with that experience, they reached their final evolutions; Venusaur, Charizard, and Blastoise. But that wasn't where it ended. He cloned the three Pokemon, making them stronger and more intelligent. He stared at the three Pokemon clones resting in their stasis cells. They would emerge out of their chambers soon... When everything was ready... He walked to the room containing a screen monitoring things in various parts of the world. He watched several trainers closely, he had trained a Fearow to record the trainers on a secret camera. He would bring the most strong willed trainers to this island, test them, observe their reactions. He would prove to them that they couldn't capture him. He looked puzzled, at a trainer that seemed to be named Ash. "At least he won't be visiting my island," Mewtwo smirked, "He is far too dense to have the will to brave my storm. But I will send each trainer an invitation. All is fair." He gestured to his servant who stood at waiting to tell a Dragonite messenger to send out the invitations.

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"I see now that the circumstances of one's birth are irrelevant. Only what you do with the gift of life determines who you are... I can do nothing now. But only if this has never been..."

Mewtwo gazed down at the blue sea beneath him and sighed. He did not know what to do next. All this time, he had a purpose, a goal to reach. That was what had kept him going. But now... what? He had proven his worth to the humans, especially that idiotic Ash, who had jumped in between Mewtwo and Mew's psychic blasts, killing himself, but later revived by the Pokemons' tears. Mewtwo snorted. Emotional

nonsense. Ridiculous. Revived by tears. He could not understand that part. He stood hovering in the sky, unsure of what to do next, when the Mew he had fought with him earlier turned to him inquiringly.

"Mew?"

"I suppose we must be parting ways. I will take these clones with me and find the right place for them to live."

"Mew..."

The Mew looked puzzled, as he stared at the clone of its own kind. His behavior was odd. It could not understand him. Why couldn't they all be friends? Mewtwo read the mind of his counterpart and grimaced.

"Friendship is merely a temporary thing which exists only because one feels that they need to associate with someone. After one has used their so called 'friends', there is no longer friendship. New 'friends' are made, and the old are abandoned and forgotten..."

"Mew," exclaimed the Mew. Why does Mewtwo feel this way?

"There is no such thing as 'friendship', and I refuse to be a part of it. It only follows with betrayal."

"Mew-mew," said the Mew, sadly, as it waved and watched Mewtwo fly off with the Pokemon clones. He hoped Mewtwo was wrong. For he had many friends, and he did not wish to lose even one.

Mewtwo landed on an island. It looked familiar, but he couldn't remember where it was, no matter how hard he thought about it. He let the Pokemon clones loose and looked around at his surroundings. As he walked around, he could sense other life forms on the island... Not that of the clones, but of a human... two humans... and a Pokemon. It was those three that had sneaked into his island while he was busy talking to the other trainers. He remembered them well... They were with Team Rocket... He recalled seeing them once when he was battling a trainer's Pokemon in the Viridian City gym... He decided to spy on them, peeking through the thick camouflage of the foliage around him. They were building a fire, and pitching up a tent, apparently joyous of their surroundings. He knew their names. Meowth was the first to speak up.

"Dis is great! What else could a cat ask for in such a place like dis?"

"Maybe some salt?" replied James.

"Salt!? Who needs salt! Meowth don't need it!"

"Why don't you two go and gather firewood?" suggested Jessie.

James and Meowth went off into the woods in search of wood, and Mewtwo decided to follow them. They were fooling around on the way, playing a game of what appeared to be catch with an empty Pokeball.

"How childish, yet interesting. What is the purpose of this activity?" he mused. When the two collapsed into a heap laughing, he

was puzzled. Nothing was the outcome. They had just done it for leisurely passing of time. "Why do they do this? It's not productive, nor is it necessary..." James and Meowth were talking about their "vacation" while gathering up firewood.

"Ya know, I hope da boss doesn't suspect us of dis! We're gonna hear a lot if he finds out," started Meowth, while picking up little sticks.

"Yeah, especially since he got really touchy after that Pokemon escaped."

"I can't understand why it ran off like dat? If ya own a Pokemon, it can't escape, right?" asked Meowth, with a puzzled look.

"I don't think the boss owned this one... maybe... they were friends. Like you and me." mused James.

"Yeah, right! Meowth is yer trainer, James! Not yer friend!" Meowth said jokingly.

"Thanks a lot. I really needed to hear that." replied James, sarcastically.

"Friend?? He thinks I was his friend??" thought Mewtwo, shocked. They were definitely not friends! Like Giovanni had said, he was created to serve... As Mewtwo glared bitterly at the ground, he recalled the scene in the Team Rocket basement. The words that were said to him. "I know you were created to serve me, but--" ...But what? Mewtwo's eyes widened in shock. But what? What came after that? There was something else he was going to say, before he was cut off by his attacks. He closed his eyes, and tried to clear his head. So much had happened in such a short time -- he did not know what to do. He sighed and fell to the ground on his knees. He had no place to go, and he was out of ideas. Maybe what James and Meowth had said was true... Maybe he would go back to the Team Rocket head quarters... He had nowhere else to turn to... He lifted off into the sky, trying to sort out his thoughts as he flew. He still couldn't think of anything when he came in sight of the HQ. He looked down, seeing groups of various Team Rocket members on night strolls and activities. He hadn't seen much of the HQ from the outside. He was usually in the basement or sometimes transported to the Viridian gym... That meant he didn't know where to find Giovanni either. Maybe he could grab an unfortunate Team Rocket member and demand information out of them... That's when he spotted a light. It was coming from the very top floor of the building. He squinted at it, and noticed there was a figure sitting near it. He could tell it was Giovanni. He had found him. But he didn't land immediately. He landed on the roof right above him, to see what he was doing. Giovanni seemed to be admiring the stars while patting his Persian. The loud purring sound from it reached the rooftop.

"A very clear night, a nice night to catch a sight of the stars, eh, Persian?" said Giovanni, more to himself than to the Persian next to him.

"Sssian," hissed the Persian. It wasn't interested in stars, as long as the patting continued, was all that mattered to him.

"Fancy admiring the stars when much more pressing matters are at

stake," said Mewtwo, softly, as if not really wanting to be heard.

Hearing his voice, Giovanni jolted in his chair, startled. He swiveled around violently to meet Mewtwo's gaze. "Mewtwo...!"

"That's who I am."

"I thought you had left. For good."

"I had no place to go."

"So this was your last resort?"

"My only resort."

Mewtwo slid down from the roof and onto the balcony to stare down at the human. The Persian seemed wary of Mewtwo's presence, glancing up at him and pacing nervously back and forth. Mewtwo folded his arms and glared at the stars. He ignored the other two.

"Are you staying?" asked Giovanni.

"That answer differs with whether I am welcome or not," replied Mewtwo, quite matter-of-factly.

"You are welcome here. But what you wish only relies on your hands. You have left before, and you have returned. Why, I do not know."

"I was hoping that you'd explain that to me."

"Only you know yourself well."

"I thought you created me."

"I had told the scientists to create you, yes. But your mind, personality and soul cannot be created by man alone. You were created to—" Giovanni stopped abruptly, remembering what had happened when he had gotten to mentioning this part before.

"Go on. I know there is more"

Mewtwo had known there was more? Then why had he escaped?

Mewtwo read his mind, and answered, while keeping his eyes glued on the stars that glowed softly in the sky before him.

"I realize that now. You hadn't finished your sentence when I had lost my temper. I learned to control my powers, but my temper I had yet to learn how to curb."

"Allright..."

A silence followed, and Mewtwo shifted slightly. What was taking so long? Even the Persian stopped pacing and had its head cocked at an angle to listen more carefully. Finally, Giovanni spoke again.

"You were created to serve me, but when I first saw you, I knew that

should not be your purpose. You were to be a super clone that nobody has ever heard of. One of a kind. The most powerful Pokemon in the world. You were to have no will to question your master but to do as you were told. You would be unstoppable. But you were instead created with a mind of your own. You proved to be intelligent, free willed, smarter than the humans that had created you. You have proven equality. And for that -- I wish to be your friend."

His friend?

Mewtwo continued to gaze at the night sky, and didn't seem to hear what was just uttered. Giovanni searched the sky to see what he was staring so intensely at. He could find nothing but stars staring back.

He was so engrossed in staring at them that he didn't notice the hand that was extended in mid-air towards his direction. He finally looked down to notice it. A hand?

Mewtwo's hand.

He had extended it towards him, while still staring at the sky. For what?

"What...?" he inquired.

"I think I was thinking the same thing before." Mewtwo replied.

"Then...?"

"Yes."

Giovanni smiled and took his hand. And shook it. Mewtwo glanced at him once and smirked, a gesture that he could best pass for as a smile.

"Yes they can." Mewtwo said, out of the blue.

Giovanni looked at him questioningly with a puzzled look on his face, but asked nothing. Questions need not be asked, for answers would come if they were to be known.

Yes, they can.

Pokemon can indeed become friends with humans.

-The End-

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> There's my fic! Special thanks to my friends Cori and Kimberley for encouragement!!!
 And thanks so much Cori, for thinking up the title for my fic!

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